



Think on the pain thy mother had,
In bringing thee to life;
Fear God who knows thy secret thoughts,
and looke thou make no strife.
Visit the sick with carefulnes,
the Prisoners grief consider,
Shew pittie to the fatherless,
and God will thee deliver.

Help still to right the widdows wrong,
remember still thine end,
So thou shalt never do amiss,
nor wilfully offend:
Trust not a reconciled friend,
more then an open foe,
Who toucheth pitch, shall be defild,
take heed thou do not so.

Take not a wife that wanton is,
and full of shameful words,
The flattering of an hoislot is,
at length more sharp then Swords.
Cast not thy love on such a one,
whose looks can thee allure,
In every face where beauty is,
the heart's not always pure.

A woman faire and indiscreet
is like a Ring of Gold,
The which in a swines snout is set,
unseemly to behold:
The malice of lewd women shun,
for they will thee destroy,
Hate her that doth on every man,
let her delight and joy.

From others let thy praise proceed,
boast not thy self in ought:
And do not hear a flattering tongue,
thereby much ill is wrought:
The child that doth his Parents rob,
and counteth it no sin,
A vile destroyer he is deem'd,
and shall no labour win.

Correction bringeth wisdom sound,
fools hate good counsel still,
That child doth shame his mother much,
that's let to have his will:
The good mans path shines as the light,
that beautifies the day,
The wicked know not where they walk,
for darkness is their way.

Put far from thee a froward Mouth,
a slanderous tongue is ill,
And do not thou an envious mind,
in any wise fulfill.
A Harlot brings a man to beg,
in her is found no truth,
In gladness therefore live and dye,
with the wife of thy youth.

Much babling breedeth great offence,
he that speaks least is wise,
Gods blessing only makes men rich,
from thence all joys arise.
Better is little fearing God,
then bags of gold got ill,
And better is one bit of bread,
then a fat Ox with ill will.

Who brooks no warning hates his soul,
true age worship aright,
A patient man far better is
then one indued with might.
Mans credit comes by doing good,
an humble mind indeed
Is better then a Lyar proud,
from whence vain brags proceed.

By this dear children you may learn,
how to direct your ways,
To God, to Prince, to Common-wealth,
whereon your welfare stays.
Print well in your remembrance,
the Lessons I have shewn,
Then shall you live in happy state,
when I am dead and gone.